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*Revised*  
January 19, 2023

Danielle Sassoon  
Assistant U.S. Attorney  
Southern District of New York  
1 St. Andrew's Plaza  
New York, NY 10007

Re: *United States v. Ray*, 20 Cr. 110 (LJL) (S.D.N.Y.)

Dear Danielle Sassoon:

We write on behalf of our client, Claudia Drury, and enclose her revised Victim Impact Statement in the above-captioned action. *See* Exhibit A. She requests that her Victim Impact Statement be read aloud at the January 20, 2023 sentencing of Defendant Lawrence Ray.

Respectfully submitted,

/s/ Rachel Sparks Bradley  
Rachel Sparks Bradley

# **EXHIBIT A**

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Victim Impact Statement of Claudia Drury

What Larry Ray put me through for the eight years and five months that I was in contact with him was unrelenting sadistic torture. He manipulated my thoughts, feelings and actions to whatever end he chose. The ways he abused me were highly specific and based on my individual vulnerabilities. In our first conversations, he lured me in with the promise of being able to help make my family a happier one – something that meant so much to me at 19 years old. Later, he manipulated me into believing I had poisoned him and members of his family. I would go to bed many, many nights desperately praying they would all live through the night, and that I would not wake up a murderer. Often this was because Larry would call me late at night to tell me they were dying or about to die. I would go to bed praying this having been forced to work as a prostitute for every waking moment of the previous day, to earn Larry money to repair the damage he intentionally and meticulously brainwashed me into believing I was responsible for. This cycle of crushing guilt, anxiety, threat, punishment and immense pressure was truly torturous. Apart from this horrible context, the experiences I had while being sex trafficked haunt me today. I feel profoundly violated in a way I can't fully communicate. The emotions and fears I am dealing with as a result are miserable and confusing and terrifying. I can't overstate how deeply I wish this had not happened to me.

I trusted Larry Ray with everything in my life, everything precious to me. He destroyed my life, attacked everything precious to me, broke apart my family, convinced me I was incurably evil, intentionally drove me to and orchestrated two psychiatric hospitalizations, sexually groomed me to the point that I would be able to make him millions of dollars from prostitution, enslaved me in that prostitution, made me work years on end from dawn until the early hours of the morning, beat me, extorted me, threatened me, pressured me and the first time I ever defied him in my near

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decade of knowing him he stripped me naked, bound me to a chair and suffocated me with a plastic bag over and over again to the point where I was begging for my life. Whenever I would experience moments of intense emotional distress Larry would accuse me of being a “bad actress” or “b-list actress” and punish me for “acting” whenever I was visibly upset. Because of this I came to believe every time I felt strong emotions, like fear or sadness, I was being disingenuous. He called me a “bad actress” that night in between suffocating me with a used plastic bag and hitting me, as I sobbed.

I have nightmares almost every night. I have been unable to hold any job for the better part of three and three quarter years. Everything exhausts me, the simplest things terrify me, putting myself back together is difficult and extremely painful and slow. My memory, attention span and problem-solving capabilities have significantly declined. I am confronted with this every day. I barely have the energy to exist day to day. The media attention is deeply distressing, especially after claudiadrury.com – the website Larry created to torture and extort me. We were named in the trial, in part, because of that very website. I feel that I don’t have control over things I should. I have felt hopeless and powerless and small. I struggle with the feeling that there is something inherently wrong with me and I can’t escape the belief that the things and people I love will be taken away, and I will be able to do nothing but watch and feel immense pain. At the height of the abuse, I didn’t speak to my parents or any of my family for almost five years. I didn’t see my dog. My younger cousin and grandfather died during that time and I didn’t have the choice to attend their memorials because, even if Larry had allowed me to reconnect with my family, he would never have tolerated the several days of lost profits. This separation was so painful, and the lost time occurs to me daily. My mother is 69 and my father is 66. My mother now has multiple, serious stress-related health issues. He made me hate them, he made me say the most hateful things I have

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ever said to the people I love most. He made me think they meant nothing to me. This is a man who prefers to target families.

I was berated and bullied and beaten and humiliated into being so thin I developed a very serious eating disorder. I would binge on obscene amounts of food and throw it all up. I would make a pile of junk food on my hotel room floor on a towel and move from my pile of food to the toilet, back and forth until I had so utterly exhausted myself, or until I had to see a client. I would throw it all into the closet moments before having to greet them and once they had left drag it back out and continue immediately. I would throw up in the restrooms in clients' homes, or in the trash collected outside their apartment buildings. I managed this eating disorder while making Larry millions of dollars. All the literature I read said to recover I had to stop dieting. Multiple times I told Larry I wanted to stop dieting, and multiple times I was punished. I once told him I wanted to visit a therapist to treat my eating disorder and he accused me of being deceitful, playing games and not wanting to repair the damage I did. He literally would not allow me to recover. I didn't get my period, I was freezing all the time – I had to wear three layers of pants in winter to stay tolerably warm, my ribs showed through my back, the stomach acid ate my teeth, my fillings fell out and I was not allowed to take enough time off work to fix them. My front tooth chipped. I had seven tooth infections in one year and seven courses of antibiotics. I had severe digestive issues. The day I left New York and severed contact with Larry is the day I recovered. Despite my strongest urges, I never binged and I never purged again.

Over the eight and a half years, I suffered thousands of unique psychological, physical, spiritual and sexual abuses that I genuinely believe brought delight and a sense of satisfaction to Larry.



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I wish there were words to say how painful and tormenting and cruel this period of my life was. I've yet to find them. It was hell. It was a deliberate, sustained and educated campaign to break me. It felt like an attack on my soul, every day, seeing if I would betray myself, my values, give up on the good in me. I was just waiting for the day I would feel the warmth fade from my heart, that I would become the cruel, godforsaken person Larry wanted me to be. I felt myself growing colder every day. With each lie I told, every time I was forced to prostitute myself, every moment with every client I felt myself getting more and more numb. I believe Larry wanted to watch me break apart the pieces of myself and give them away, step by step growing closer to becoming whatever awful kind of human being he is. He wanted to watch me give myself completely away. Nothing was enough. When he could no longer motivate me by threatening me personally, when those nerves had died, he threatened to expose my clients. The thing I wanted most was to stop doing damage to others but despite my frantic, terrified, miserable efforts everything I touched ended up broken.

My life became entirely a lie. I lied to everyone I knew. Barely anyone learned my first name. I knew I was fragmenting, I knew my heart was breaking, I knew the light inside me was growing dimmer every day. I knew eventually it would be extinguished. I do not mean these things as figures of speech. I consciously experienced the good in me leaving me. I was helpless to do anything but suffer it. The feeling is beyond description.

I've never worked harder or been more dedicated to anything in my life than earning Larry money, not before and not since. I pushed myself past every limit. I didn't think I deserved boundaries or rest or choice or privacy or care. The exhaustion I experienced was extreme and indescribable. My soul was completely depleted. It was a tangible feeling. Towards the end, there were several times I was nearly catatonic with clients. I began to mouth "get off of me" over their

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shoulders in the midst of sessions. I frequently had to sit and work up the energy to animate my face with normal expressions. Out of the presence of clients, I was too tired to move my features.

I am often disgusted with myself. I feel so sorry for bringing this travesty into the lives of my loved ones. I feel like a burden. I feel backwards and unnatural. I try to tell myself it isn't my fault, but I feel responsibility. I'm still so sorry, just like I was when I believed I had poisoned my closest friends. I am so deeply sorry for all of it.

Larry forced me to abject desperation. Forced me to experience things no one should, things I would never even wish upon him. No one deserves to know such a twisted, empty and broken version of life. I did not deserve this.

Larry Ray is a malevolent, violent, deceitful shadow of a man. I don't know what happened to make him this way and do these things but to me it will never matter. I have no forgiveness in my heart, but I hesitate to condemn him to this because he himself forced me to know what it feels like to be irrevocably worsened by ill deeds and with no possibility of absolution. He forced me to experience a part of what it must be like to be him. He forced us to hold his evil for him, to internalize it, to try to reconcile it. It is utterly irreconcilable. Each time we tried to put it down he brutalized us. It was as if he was experimenting on our very souls like lab mice. His evil withered us, it ate our spirits, but I believe it's time he finally is made to face the kind of person he somehow permitted himself to become.

Larry will continue to hurt people if given even the slightest freedom to do so, and even with no freedom at all, he will never stop scheming and attempting. He will bide his spite and unleash it on everyone who has spoken against him and our loved ones. Especially our loved ones. He once told me that the root of true evil is cowardice. I think it may be the only honest thing he ever said to me.

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I have one thing to say to him directly: you are still a human being. You will never be able to escape that or escape the fact of your soul, however you have tarnished it.

Despite painstaking and vicious attempts, I did not lose the ability to see and to value the good in this world. I did not lose the good in me. I am rebuilding, I have a loving family and friends. I believe in God. I have a different future, but it is as bright as the future I had before I ever met him. I'm looking forward to the future, I'm looking forward to my life.